

The Critic

Published weekly, at 743 Broadway, New York, by

THE CRITIC COMPANY.

Entered as Second-Class Mail-Matter at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 18, 1888.

AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY general agents. Single copies sold, and subscriptions taken, at The Critic office, No. 743 Broadway. Also, by Charles Scribner's Sons, G. P. Putnam's Sons, Brentano Bros., and the principal news-dealers in the city. Boston: Damrell & Upham (Old Corner Book-store). Philadelphia: John Wanamaker. Washington: A. S. Witherbee & Co. Chicago: Brentano Bros. New Orleans: George F. Wharton, 5 Carondelet Street. San Francisco: J. W. Roberts & Co., 10 Post Street. London: B. F. Stevens, 4 Trafalgar Square. Paris: Galignani's, 224 Rue de Rivoli, and Brentano's, 17 Avenue de l'Opéra. Rome: Office of the Nuova Antologia.

Authors at Home.* XXVIII.

RICHARD HENRY STODDARD IN NEW YORK

[Continued from August 11, and concluded.]

IT HAS TAKEN US a long while to get here, but here we are at last; and I, for my part, am in no hurry to get away again. It is just such a house as you would expect to find a man like Stoddard in: a poet's home and literary workshop. There is no space, and no need, for a parlor. The front room (to the left as you enter the house) is called the library. Its general air is decidedly luxurious. There is a profusion of easy chairs and lounges, and of graceful tables laden with odd and precious bits of bric-à-brac. There is more bric-à-brac on the mantel-piece. The walls are covered close with paintings. At the windows hang heavy curtains; and the portière at a wide doorway at the back of the apartment frames a pleasant glimpse of the dining-room. Rugs of various dimensions cover the matting almost without break. The fireplace is flanked on each side by high book-cases of artistically carved dark wood, filled with books in handsome bindings. A full-length portrait of an officer in uniform fills the space above the mantel-piece: it is Col. Wilson Barstow, of Gen. Dix's staff, who served at Fortress Monroe during the War, and died in 1868. It hangs where it does because the Colonel was Mrs. Stoddard's brother. Between the front windows is a plaster medallion of the master of the house, by his old friend Launt Thompson. (A similar likeness of 'Willy' Stoddard, and a plaster cast of his little hand, both by Mr. Thompson, are the only perishable mementoes, save 'a lock of curly golden hair,' that his parents now possess, to remind them of their first-born, dead since '61.) On the east wall is a canvas somewhat more than a foot square, giving a full-length view of Mr. Stoddard, standing, as he appeared to T. W. Wood in 1873, when the snow-white hair against which the laurel shows so green to-day had only just begun to lose its glossy blackness. Alongside of this hangs a larger frame, showing W. T. Richards's conception of 'The Castle in the Air' described in the first poem of Stoddard's that attracted wide attention,—

A stately marble pile whose pillars rise
From deep-set bases fluted to the dome.

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The spacious windows front the rising sun,
And when its splendor smites them, many-paned,
Tri-arched and richly-stained,
A thousand mornings brighten there as one.

The painting has grown mellow with the flight of a quarter-century. It shows the influence of Turner very plainly, and is accepted by the painter of the scene in words as a fair interpretation in color of the *château en Espagne* of his song. It was a favorite of Sandford Gifford's—another dear friend of the poet's, whose handiwork in lake and mountain scenery lights up other corners of the room. Kindred treasures are a masterly head, by Eastman Johnson, of a Nantucket fisherman, gazing seaward through his glass; a glimpse of the Alps, presented by Bierstadt to Mrs. Stoddard; a swamp-

scene by Homer Martin, in his earlier manner; a view of the Bay of Naples, by Charles Temple Dix, the General's son; and bits of color by Smillie, McEntee, S. G. W. Benjamin, and Fidelia Bridges. Two panels ('Winter' and 'Summer') were given to the owner by a friend who had once leased a studio to J. C. Thom, a pupil of Edouard Frère. When the artist gave up the room, these pictures were sawed out of the doors on which he had painted them. Besides two or three English water-colors, there are small copies by the late Cephas G. Thompson, whose art Hawthorne delighted to praise, of Simon Memmi's heads of Petrarch and Laura, at Florence. A more personal interest attaches to an oil-painting by Bayard Taylor—a peep at Buzzard's Bay from Mattapoisett, disclosing a part of the view visible from Mrs. Stoddard's early home. Not all of these works are to be found in the library; for in our hurried tour of inspection we have crossed the threshold of the dining-room, where such prosaic bits of furniture as a side-board, dinner-table and straight-backed chairs hold back the flood of books. One wave has swept through, however, and is held captive in a small case standing near the back windows. The summer light that finds its way into this room is filtered through a mass of leaves shading a verandah similar to the one in front.

The poet's 'den,' on the second floor, embraces the main room and an alcove, and is lighted by three windows overlooking the street. His writing-desk—a mahogany one, of ancient make—stands between two of the windows. Above it hangs a large engraving of Lawrence's Thackeray, beneath which, in the same frame, you may read 'The Sorrows of Werther' in the balladist's own inimitable hand. As you sit at the desk, Mrs. Browning looks down upon you from a large photograph on the wall at your right—one which her husband deemed the best she ever had taken. A delicate engraving hangs beside it of Holmes's miniature of Byron—a portrait of which Byron himself said, 'I prefer that likeness to any which has ever been done of me by any artist whatever.' It shows a head almost feminine in its beauty. An etching of Hugo is framed above a striking autograph that Mr. Stoddard paid a good price for—at a time, as he says, when he thought he had some money. The sentiment is practical:—'Donnez cent francs aux pauvres de New York. Donnez moins, si vous n'êtes pas assez riche; mais donnez. Victor Hugo.' The manuscript, which looks as if it might have been written with a sharpened match, is undated and unaddressed. Everyone, therefore, is at liberty to regard it as a personal appeal, or command, to himself. Close beside the Byron portrait is an etching of Mr. Stedman; and into its frame the owner has thrust that gentleman's visiting card, on which, over the date 'Feb. 14, 1885,' are scribbled these lines:

It is a Friar of whiskers gray
That kneels before your shrine,
And, as of old, would once more pray
To be your VALENTINE.

Among the treasures of mingled literary and artistic interest in this room is a small portrait of Smollett. It is painted on wood, and the artist's name is not given. Mr. Stoddard has not found it reproduced among the familiar likenesses of the novelist. Along the wall above the mantel-piece runs a rare print of Blake's 'Canterbury Pilgrimage,' with the designation of each pilgrim engraved beneath his figure. It is noteworthy for its dissimilarity, as well as its likeness, to the poet-painter's more familiar works. The main wall in the alcove I have spoken of displays a life-size crayon head of Mr. Stoddard, done by Alexander Laurie in 1863. It also gives support to several rows of shelves, running far and rising high, filled chock-full of books less prettily bound than those in the library, but perhaps of greater value to the eyes that have so often pored upon them. It is the poet's collection, to which he has been adding ever since he was a boy, of English poetry of all periods; and it has been consulted to good purpose by many other schol-

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ars than the owner. Under an engraving of Raphael's portrait of himself, at the back of the larger room, is a case filled with books of the same class, but rarer still—indeed, quite priceless to their owner; for they are the tomes once treasured by kindred spirits, and inscribed with names writ in that indelible water which so well preserves the name of Keats.

Of the books of this class, from the libraries of famous authors—some being presentation copies, and others containing either the owners' signatures or their autographic annotations of the text,—may be mentioned volumes that once belonged to Edmund Waller, Thomas Gray, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Samuel Taylor Coleridge, Charles Lamb, William Wordsworth, John Keats, Robert Southey, Hartley Coleridge, Lord Byron, Thomas Lisle Bowles, Felicia Hemans, Thomas Campbell, William Motherwell, and Caroline Norton. Among signatures or documents in the manuscript of famous men are the names of William Alexander, Earl of Sterling; Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke; Thomas Sackville, Lord Buckhurst, author of 'Gorboduc'; John Garth, author of 'The Dispensary,' and others. Among the manuscripts cherished by Mr. Stoddard are letters or poems from the pens of William Shenstone, Burns, Cowper, Sheridan, Southey, Wordsworth, Sir Walter Scott, Thomas Moore, Campbell, Dickens, Thackeray, Bryant, Longfellow, Poe, Lowell, Bayard Taylor, Ebenezer Elliott, 'the Corn Law Rhymers,' Walter Savage Landor, James Montgomery, Felicia Hemans, Thomas Hood, Bryan Waller Procter ('Barry Cornwall'), Miss Mitford, Lord Tennyson, Swinburne, Frederick Locker-Lampson, N. P. Willis, Charles Brockden Brown, J. G. Whittier, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Leigh Hunt, Washington Irving, Robert Browning, Mrs. Browning, and scores of other English and American poets and writers of distinction.

Included in this choice collection are the manuscripts of Hunt's 'Abou Ben Adhem,' Thackeray's 'Sorrows of Werther,' Bryant's 'Antiquity of Freedom,' Longfellow's 'Arrow and Song' ('I shot an arrow into the air'), Mrs. Browning's 'Castrucci Castricanni,' pages of Bryant's translation of Homer, Tennyson's 'Tears, Idle Tears,' Lord Houghton's 'I Wandered by the Brookside,' Barry Cornwall's 'Mother's Last Song,' Sheridan's 'Clio's Protest' (containing the famous lines,

They write with ease to show their breeding,
But easy writing's cursed hard reading),

Poe's sonnet 'To Zante,' Holmes's 'Last Leaf,' Lowell's 'Zekle's Courtin',' and a manuscript volume containing nearly all of Bayard Taylor's 'Poems of the Orient.' His library of English poets contains many now scarce first editions—Drayton's Poems, 1619; Lord Sterling's 'Monarchic Tragedies,' 1602; Brooke's 'Alaham Mustapha,' 1631; Milton's Poems, 1645; the early editions of Suckling, etc.

The most precious of all Mr. Stoddard's literary relics is a lock of light brown or golden hair—the veriest wisp,—that came to him from his friend and brother poet, George H. Boker of Philadelphia. Mr. Boker had it from Leigh Hunt's American editor, S. Adams Lee, to whom it was given by Hunt himself. It was 'the distinguished physician Dr. Beatty' who gave it to the English poet; and it was Hoole, the translator of Tasso, who gave it to Beatty. The next previous owner to Hoole was Dr. Samuel Johnson. Further back than this, Leigh Hunt could not trace it; but he believed it to be a portion of the lock attached to a miniature portrait of Milton known to have existed in the time of Addison and supposed to have been in his possession. That it came from the august head of the poet of 'Paradise Lost' had never been doubted down to Dr. Beatty's day; so at least wrote Hunt, in a manuscript of which Mr. Stoddard preserves a copy, in Lee's handwriting, in a volume of Hunt's poems edited by that gentleman. There is a fine sonnet of Hunt's on these golden threads, written when they passed into his possession; and Keats's poem, 'On Seeing a Lock of Milton's Hair,' has made the relic still

more memorable. It is smaller now than it was when these great spirits were sojourning on earth, for Leigh Hunt gave a part of it to Mrs. Browning. 'Reverence these hairs, O Americans! (as indeed you will),' he writes, 'for in them your great Republican harbinger on this side of the Atlantic appears, for the first time, actually and *bodily* present on the other side of it.' A companion locket holds a wisp of silver hairs from the head of Washington.

It would be a serious oversight to ignore any member of the little Stoddard household—to make no mention of that gifted woman who caught the contagion of writing from her husband, and has won not only his cordial 'Well done,' but the admiration of such authoritative critics as Hawthorne and Stedman, to name but these two; or of that son who is now an only child, and therefore trebly dear to both his parents. Mrs. Stoddard is known and admired as a poet; the bound volumes of *Harper's Monthly* bear abundant testimony to her skill as a writer of short stories; and her powers as a novelist are receiving fresh recognition through the republication, by Cassell & Co., of 'Two Men,' 'The Morgesons' and 'Temple House.' The son, Lorimer, a youth of twenty-four, has chosen the stage as his profession, and in that very popular piece, 'The Henrietta,' has made his mark in the character of the young nobleman. In speaking of the home of the Stoddards, some reference to the long-haired little terrier, CEnone, may be pardoned. She has been an inmate of the house for many years; and she trots here and there about it, upstairs and down, as freely as if she were not stone-blind.

The blindness of CEnone reminds me that her master (whom rheumatism once robbed of the use of his right hand for many years) is gradually losing the use of his eyes. I found him this summer, on his return from a few weeks' sojourn in the Adirondacks, reading and writing with the aid of a powerful magnifying-glass. He said the trip had done him little good in this respect; and the glare of the sunlight upon the salt water at Sag Harbor, whither he was about to repair for the rest of the season, was not likely to prove more beneficial. This seashore town, where his friend Julian Hawthorne long since established himself, has of late years taken Mattapoisett's place as the Stoddards' summer home.

A personal description of Mr. Stoddard should be unnecessary. At this late day few of his readers can be unfamiliar with his face. It has been engraved more than once, and printed not only with his collected poems but in magazines of wider circulation than the books of any living American poet. It is not likely to disappoint the admirer of his work, for it is a poet's face, as well as a handsome one. The clear-cut, regular features are almost feminine in their delicacy; but in the dark eyes, now somewhat dimmed though full of thought and feeling, there is a look that counteracts any impression of effeminacy due to the refinement of the features, or the melodious softness of the voice. The hair and beard of snowy whiteness make a harmonious setting for the poet's ruddy countenance. Though slightly bowed, as he steps forward to meet you (with left hand advanced) Mr. Stoddard still impresses you as a man of more than middle height. His cordial though undemonstrative greeting puts the stranger at his ease at once; for his manner is as gentle as his speech is frank.

JOSEPH B. GILDER.

Reviews

Donnelly's "The Great Cryptogram"

WHEN the 'Curiosities of Literature' of our day and generation are gathered up, 'The Great Cryptogram' will have a conspicuous place in the collection. All the stuff that has been written in support of the 'Baconian theory' will of course fall into this category, but this big book of 998

*The Great Cryptogram: Francis Bacon's Cipher in the So-called Shakspeare Plays. By Ignatius Donnelly. \$4.50. Chicago: R. S. Peale & Co.

pages will tower above the rest of the 'cranky' literature in monumental bulk and absurdity.

It was a mistake, however, from the author's own point of view, to make the book so big. He assumes in his introduction that the reader may ask, 'Why divide your book into two parts, an argument and a demonstration? If the cipher is conclusive, why is any discussion of probabilities necessary?' This is a very natural question, and all that Mr. Donnelly has to say in reply is, substantially, that before he discovered the cipher he had been collecting proofs that Bacon wrote the plays, and did not want to waste the material he had gathered, much of which, in his opinion, 'is new and curious, and well worthy of preservation.' Little of it seems to us new, though it may be curious, and none of it is worth preserving except as a curiosity. It is a sort of encyclopædic rehash of the stock arguments of the Baconians, with some slight additions by the compiler which are rather weaker and sillier than the rest. It fills 502 pages of the volume, and the majority of readers will probably skip it and come at once to the story of the cipher, which occupies the next four hundred pages, the odd hundred being devoted to biographical sketches of Delia Bacon, William Henry Smith, Judge Holmes, and other 'Baconians,' with a chapter on 'Other Masks of Bacon,' and another on the life of Bacon himself. It will be seen that only about two-fifths of the book has anything to do with the 'great cryptogram' which furnishes the title.

As to the cipher, Donnelly is no doubt honest in supposing that it exists and that he has found it. He suspected its existence more than ten years ago, and began to hunt for it 'in the winter of 1878-9.' It was five or six years before he got the clew, and he has been occupied ever since in working out portions of the 'cipher narrative.' Now, when a man hunts for a cipher as long as that, he is sure to find it, or to fancy that he does. He will read it into the text, if it is not there; and this is what Donnelly has done. He began, as he tells us (p. 516), by looking for some such brief statement as 'I, Francis Bacon, of St. Albans, son of Nicholas Bacon, Lord Keeper of the Great Seal of England, wrote these plays, which go by the name of William Shakespeare.' Then he began to look in the plays for such words as '*Francis, Bacon, Nicholas, Bacon*, and such combinations of *Shake* and *speare*, or *Shakes* and *pear*, as would make the word *Shakespeare*.' He found them, of course, and then began to trace out numerical relations among them; but it was not until he got hold of the Folio of 1623 that he succeeded in doing this to his satisfaction. There he discovered 'the root-numbers out of which the story grows'—namely, 505, 506, 513, 516, and 523—and the 'forty or fifty starting-points' from which to count in finding the significant words. In his book (p. 583) he declined to explain how the root-numbers were obtained, merely stating that they are 'the product of multiplying certain figures' in the first column of page 74 by certain other figures, which 'multipliers' are said to be 10, 7, 11, and 18. It was at once objected by the critics that only one of the 'root-numbers' could be the 'product' of any of these multipliers, and that 523, being a prime number, could not be obtained by means of any multiplier greater than one. Mr. Donnelly has since given a wholly different account of the process by which the root-numbers were obtained. The 'multipliers' are said to be 12, 10, and 11, and one of the multiplicands is the page-number 76. The product of 11 and 76 is 836, and from *this* he gets his five 'root-numbers' by first subtracting 29, one of certain numbers he calls 'modifiers,' and then subtracting from the remainder, 807, the numbers 302, 294, 291, 301, and 284, which represent the number of words in the first column of page 74 counted in various ways—with or without bracketed and hyphenated words, etc.

However the root-numbers may be obtained, it is evident that, with the many starting-points, the freedom in the use of 'modifiers,' the counting up or down, and the like, almost any word in the Folio text may be forced into its place

in the narrative supposed to be concealed there. It would take too much space to show how arbitrary are the methods by which the successive words are figured out; but the peculiar 'hop-skip' movement may be illustrated by the way Sir Thomas Lucy's name is deciphered on p. 777. The *Sir* is the 217th word in the 1st column of page 77 of the text, or 77.1, as Donnelly concisely expresses it. *Thomas* is made up of *to*, the 49th word in 76.1, and *amiss*, the 189th in 76.2. *Lucy* is a combination of *loose*, the 77th word in 74.2, and *see*, the 384th in 75.1. No two of these words are obtained by similar counting, and it is perfectly clear from Donnelly's own explanations and comments that the variations are not according to any fixed rule. They are all got, as he says, from the number 305 by subtracting 'modifiers.' For the 217 of *Sir*, 31, 50, and 7 (the number of bracketed words in the column) are subtracted; but no earthly reason is given or can be given, for selecting 77.1 as the column in which the 217th word is taken. For the 49 of *to*, 31, 50, 30, and 145 are successively subtracted, and the 76.1 column is arbitrarily chosen as the one from which to take the 49th word. For the 189 necessary to get *amiss* in 76.2, the 305 is successively diminished by 31, 30, 5 (bracketed words), and 50. For the 77 of *loose*, we subtract 31, 50 and 50 from 305, getting the remainder 174, which is then subtracted from 248, leaving 74 to which 1 and 2 (hyphenated words in the column) are added; and then a jump of two pages backward is made to 74.2 as the column in which to find the 77th word. For the other syllable of *Lucy*, or *see*, it is necessary to subtract 31, 50, and 30 from 305, leaving 194; then to double this 194 and subtract 4 (hyphenated words) from the product. This done, 75.1 is selected as the column in which we are to count till we reach the 384th word. Five radically different arithmetical processes, each evidently independent of the others, are here used to get the numbers for the syllables of *Sir Thomas Lucy*, and the counting is done in five different columns of four different pages. Nothing can be clearer than that the decipherer first assumed or suspected that the name of Sir Thomas was somewhere concealed in this portion of the text; that he then hunted up his *Sir* and *to-amiss* and *loose-see*, and manipulated his figures to fit their positions in the columns where they occur. To show that our description of Donnelly's method is not unfair we may quote his own account of the way he decipheres the name of *Dethick*, the two syllables of which are three pages asunder:

Shakspeare's application for coat-armor for his father, in 1596, was made to William Dethick, alias Garter, principal King at Arms. See how cunningly the name is concealed in *Death-thick*. And observe how the first word goes out from the beginning of one scene (79.1) and the other from the end of the preceding scene; and each word is found by the same root-number, and the same modification of the same root-number: *death* is 305, less 32, less 30, carried one scene backward to the beginning of Scene 4, Act i. (78.1); while *thick* is 305, less 31, less 30, less 50, carried two scenes forward to the beginning of Scene 3 of Act ii. (81.2). And this word *thick* is comparatively rare in the plays. . . . Yet here we find it just where it is needed to make the name of the King at Arms, in connection with the story of Shakspeare trying to procure a coat-of-arms. 'If this be accident, it is extraordinary.'

Every word of the story is obtained by similar jugglery; and that it is Donnelly's story and not Bacon's is evident from the fact that it is written in the English of the Nineteenth Century and not of the Sixteenth or Seventeenth. With the exception of a few trite archaisms, like *hath* for *has*, and a few sentences or parts of sentences taken bodily from the plays, it reads much like newspaper-matter of our day. Scores of constructions and expressions occur in it which were unknown in the time of Shakspeare and could not by any possibility have been written then. Donnelly replies to criticism like this that the *words* are all in Shakspeare; and he apparently believes that Bacon might have used a phrase like 'enough brain power,' or a palpable Americanism like 'girdles his orchard,' because the words *enough*, *brain*, etc. occur in the plays. His ignorance of Elizabethan English

in spite of his much counting of the words in the Folio text—if not because of this merely mechanical working over it—is apparent enough in other ways. Every schoolboy knows, for instance, that *owe* and *own* were used interchangeably by the writers of that day; and yet the use of the former for the latter in one instance is referred to as illustrating the manner in which Bacon would occasionally misspell a word for cipher purposes.

The chapter on 'Other Masks of Francis Bacon' is one of the most curious in the book, and indirectly fatal to the whole cipher theory, though Donnelly does not see it. We are told here that Bacon wrote not only the plays commonly accepted as Shakspeare's, but all the so-called 'doubtful plays,' fifteen in number—'Arden of Feversham,' 'Locrine,' 'The Yorkshire Tragedy,' etc. All these plays are 'full of Baconianisms;' and the same is true of 'Edward III.' and 'Stuckley.' Marlowe's plays were all Bacon's, and probably also those of Marston, Massinger, Middleton, Greene, Shirley, and Webster. Mrs. Pott and Donnelly agree in recognizing 'Baconianisms of thought and expression' in all these dramatists. Bacon was, moreover, the author of Montaigne's Essays, and ten pages are filled with proofs of this, including many 'parallelisms' as remarkable as those found in the Shakspeare plays. There is even a cipher-like allusion to Shakspeare in Montaigne's mention of 'Peter or William' as carrying off glory that does not belong to him: 'the French for *Peter* is *Pierre*, and 'William-Pierre' comes singularly close to *William Shakes-Pierre*.' 'The Anatomy of Melancholy' is another famous work from the facile pen of Bacon. There are references to *Verulam* and *St. Albans* in it, and the latter is 'curious and inexplicable: 'Near S. Albans, which must not now be whispered in the ear.' Is this not a singularly significant hint of some mysterious secret connected with the home of the great cryptographer? Donnelly adds:

I could fill pages, did space permit, with the startling identities of speech and thought which I have found to exist between the 'Anatomy' and Bacon's acknowledged writings and the Shakspeare Plays. . . . And, incredible as it may seem, I think it will be found that Bacon put the stamp of his Cipher upon nearly all his works; with intent some day to have them all reclaimed. And why do I say this? Because nearly everywhere I find not only the words *Bacon* and *St. Albans* and *Francis* and *Nicholas* and *Shake* and *spur* and *speer*, scattered over these unacknowledged works, but because I can see those curious twistings of the sentences which so puzzled commentators in the plays, and which mark the strain to bring in the Cipher narrative.

He goes on to illustrate this in the case of the Marlowe plays and the Montaigne essays. The text of the latter is 'in some places fairly peppered with the words *Francis* and *Francisco*. . . . And we have *Nicholas*, *William*, *Williams*, *Shake*, and *spur* and *speer* many times repeated.' And Montaigne is mentioned most ingeniously in the Shakspeare plays, the words *de la Mountaine* being 'most cunningly concealed' in both the 'Merry Wives' and '2 Henry IV.' So 'The Anatomy of Melancholy' is referred to in 'Romeo and Juliet,' the 'Comedy of Errors,' 'King John,' and 'Twelfth Night.'

In other words, we have just the same grounds for believing that Bacon wrote the plays of Marlowe, and Montaigne's Essays, and Burton's 'Anatomy of Melancholy,' that we have for believing that he wrote Shakspeare's plays! If a critic had said this in a review of Judge Holmes's 'Authorship of Shakspeare,' how would that eminent Baconian have resented it as a burlesque of his argument, a weak attempt to meet reasoning with ridicule! How would Donnelly himself resent the addition of Spenser's 'Faërie Queene' or Drayton's 'Polyolbion' to his list of Bacon's 'unacknowledged' works! Yet we venture to say that if he will apply to 'The Faërie Queene' or the 'Polyolbion' the same tests he has applied to the 'alleged' productions of Marlowe and Montaigne and Burton, he will soon be convinced that the Sage of St. Albans has put his cipher mark upon them. Donnelly proves too

much. This chapter of his book 'gives him away,' as the slang of the day expressively phrases it.

A Yankee urchin of three and a half years, who is sojourning in Paris with his mother, came running to her the other day, full of unutterable wrath at something a Gallic playmate had said to him, and demanded, 'Please, mamma, what is French for dammonsense?' That is precisely what we should want to know if we had to write a review of 'The Great Cryptogram' for a Paris journal.

Thomas Hardy's "Wessex Tales"*

IT IS NO contradiction to say that the 'Strange, Lively, and Commonplace' (see the title of this volume) are often simultaneous conditions in the work of Thomas Hardy; for though the scene be the extreme of Commonplace, the moral issues involved frequently give it the stamp of Strange,—and when was the style of this fascinating and effective writer other than Lively? One strong conviction remaining after reading 'Wessex Tales' is, that rural England as Shakspeare left it, is rural England as Thomas Hardy finds it—with the same broad, bland, comfortably obtuse human features. If our old friends Shallow and Simple, Dogberry and Verges, have ever been extinct in the 'snug little island' (which is improbable), they are certainly here revived with all their ineffable, captivating dullness, good-nature, and self-importance. Surely, a lineal descendant of that immortal constabulary of the old comedy, is he who in the tale of 'The Three Strangers' cannot execute his office until he can go home and get his staff, with the stamp of the King's crown upon it, 'so as when I raise em up, and hit my prisoner, 'tis made a lawful blow thereby.' Very characteristic—very Shakspearian we had nearly said, but thought to spare the jaded adjective!—very *Hardyish*, let us say, are the light and warmth of humor that radiate over Shepherd Tennet's christening party, so thriftily adjusted between dancing and 'sit-still' sociability as to make the least extravagant exactions upon the good drink and junkets provided by the thrifty housemistress! Characteristic, too, is the touch which illustrates the British burgher—egotistic sapient, sententious,—in Japheth Johns's discrimination regarding his composite taste for alcoholic beverages; 'though I inherit the malt-liquor principle from my father, I am a cider-drinker on my mother's side.'

But 'Wessex Tales' are not entirely given up to the humors of rural life. There is, to be sure, the 'distracted preacher,' with his conscience-plagued love for the pretty widow and smuggler (who is in turn perplexed between fondness for her lover and zest for the occupation of her father's); but there are also the self-abnegating, fate-mocked 'fellow-townsmen,' and the poor young wife who proves the fatal efficacy of the grewsome remedy recommended by the conjuror as a cure for her withered arm. To us, the power and charm of Hardy's work seem to arise from the magnanimity of his view of social relations—a view which recognizes no conventional demarcation of great and little, sublime and mean, fortunate and wretched. If it is the sign of a great creator in fiction, that the evolution of the least significant characters is as dear to him as that of the more important actors, then is Hardy a great creative master. Were we required to name the dominant idea in the development of his characters and plots, we should say that it is this: in the temperament of the individual is lodged the individual's destiny, and circumstances are more often an impellent than a deterrent force acting upon any temperamental bent towards catastrophe. Withal, Hardy's view of the way of human life, its futile hopes, and fatuous projects, is not unlike the prospect along a certain road of his describing, wherein travellers are wont to say "Once at the top of that hill, and I must surely see the end of Halloway Lane!" But they reach the hill-top, and Halloway Lane stretches as mercilessly as before.'

* Wessex Tales. Strange, Lively and Commonplace. By Thomas Hardy. 30 cts. New York: Harper & Bros.

"Robert Elsmere" *

'ROBERT ELSMERE' is intensely Anglican. No other country in the world could have given birth to just such a book, no other soil yielded just this product. The essentials of the story are not novel. They are as old as the days that saw the new light of Christianity break upon the world. Every great soul in Christendom, somewhere between the cradle and the grave has fought the fight, has had its battle with fear, with error and with doubt. The result has varied according to the character of the fighter, and the circumstances in which the strife was waged. The field in which the soul of Robert Elsmere struggles with the enemy is England, the England of the Nineteenth Century and to-day; and this struggle, with its termination, is the motive of the study to which the hero gives his name.

Elsmere is the son of the traditional British curate, and his generous, impulsive Irish wife. From the one the child inherits his earnest, serious disposition, and from the other the ardent, glowing temperament of the Celt. His father dies early, and left to the care of his indulgent mother, the son goes up to Oxford. The staid old University is still trembling in one of its terrible spiritual throes, but true to his inherited tendencies, and under the guidance of peculiar influences, young Elsmere on leaving doffs his mortar-board only to don the curate's cassock. At about the same time he falls in love with Catherine Leyburn, a narrow-minded, pure-hearted, unearthly girl, whom he soon marries. They accept a living in a Surrey parish, and there their life begins—Elsmere industriously reforming the cottagers, elevating his parishioners, tending the sick, and comforting the dying, with Catherine constantly beside him in his efforts. But a shadow soon falls across this happy existence with the return from the Continent of the Squire, Roger Wendover. As one of the greatest sceptics of his time and one of its greatest minds, he is the author of two renowned works, one a polemic against Christianity, the other a diatribe against English education. The two men are attracted to each other. Slowly the younger sees all his hopes, his ideas, his beliefs crumbling beneath him. The tragedy of the story begins here. As the God-in-Christ diminishes before him, the man-in-Christ is magnified. His old idols are gone, but spiritually he is born anew. He satisfies himself that his vision is clarified, that he sees aright. But the thought of Catherine and what all this will mean to her breaks him down. He bears the struggle alone till it is ended, and the time comes for telling her. The scene in which he unfolds his heart is one of the strongest in the book—in any book. Between Catherine and her husband there is henceforth an immovable barrier. She steels herself against him, against her feelings, against her love. In a short time Elsmere throws up his curacy. Their old peace and habits are uprooted; and after much restless wandering in body and spirit they find themselves in London. Here the old conflict between Elsmere's heart and brain continues. In the seething, multifarious life of the great city, his mind hungering for its natural food, is stimulated to its highest energies by the sustenance he finds there, and his overwhelming love for his kind—the soul of his new creed,—now finds scope among the fallen poor. Slowly, hardly, but surely, the results of his labor respond to his efforts, and the 'New Brotherhood of Christ' is born. But it has been terrific work. The high nervous exaltation of the heart and brain, the mental and moral strains which he had been through, the physical fatigue, have been too much. Just at the attainment of his golden dreams, he falters. It is too late now to retrieve himself and rest. He is dead.

Such is the barest outline of the tale, which, with its continuous undertone of Catherine's resistance, struggle and victorious defeat, has taken its author 600 pages in the telling. Its unpardonable length is its greatest fault, but it has others. Mr. Gladstone has pointed out that, in the development of Robert Elsmere's spiritual upheaval, he suc-

cumbs too easily to the arguments of Roger Wendover. A man like Elsmere should have been furnished with more enduring weapons than he used; his sudden collapse is unnatural. This is doubtless so; yet for the end in view his fall must come; and we are led indirectly to infer that his mind, unconsciously even to himself, had been slowly undermined, so that when the end did come, its suddenness was such as to astonish the reader no less than Elsmere himself. Another critic has called attention to a certain obtrusive bookishness in the story, and this objection is just. The author is too ready to point a situation by simile and quotation. The culture of the writer is too painfully suggested. Again, the scene is overcrowded with characters, some of whom, half-outlined, are dropped in the most summary manner. One or two of the more prominent ones are blurred. That indescribable quality which we call style is utterly wanting; discursiveness—the old sin of the English novel—runs wild here at times. Occasionally we find ourselves protesting against an unmistakable prosiness, and once in a while we are conscious that the author is inclined to be a little 'preachy.'

But when all is said by way of criticism, how much remains to admire. No one who had not steeped himself in the atmosphere of Oxford and its changing currents could write so feelingly and unerringly of its outer and inner life. No one who had not been born to generations of culture, sprung from a race British and bookish to its core, could picture so intimately its intellectual phases. No one who knew not the hills and dales of Westmoreland and the downs of Surrey as well as the electrical, throbbing heart of London could have rounded this story as its author has done. Profounder minds than Mrs. Ward's may pick flaws in reasoning and errors in judgment, but as an expression of the intellectual life of to-day, especially of that side of it which touches on science in its bearings on theology, it is a remarkable book. Ponder this history of 'a soul on fire;' note the development of the austere, puritanical Catherine into perfect womanhood, the portrayal of the hard, selfish, stunted nature of Langham, the creation of the wilful, human yet Ariel-like Rose Leyburn, the delineation of the hunted Newcome, the cynical Wendover, the hearty, happy Flaxman and the passionate Mme. de Netteville,—surely a woman who can thus create, develop and delineate such varied elements as these—pit against each other almost every known type in the great whirling, complex world about her,—not only possesses a marvellous power but is mistress of it. Unforgettable pictures rise to the mind as one reviews his reading—the scene on the crags where Elsmere woos Catherine in the night-winds; that other one, where he tears open his heart to her while her own is breaking; the chapter where they humble themselves before each other and life begins anew for them; the last tense chapter, with the death-bed scene in Algeria. And in thinking over that terrible night when Langham questions the little soul and conscience left to him, we are perhaps forgetful of the tender fire-side duet, wherein the impulsive child, Rose Leyburn, opens her life to him as a flower unfolds to the sun.

With the death of its founder, we see no more of the 'New Brotherhood.' The needs, the conditions, the promises of the present age are therein typified. To perfect and fulfil them will take ages yet. We are shown the Promised Land; then the pen is silent: its attainment is not even prophesied. Hope is held out, but no pledge offered. Such forbearance as this deserves the name of art; and this artistic reticence is one of the qualities which make 'Robert Elsmere' one of the strongest works of fiction that have appeared in England since George Eliot.

The Letters of Southey *

A DESIRABLE and attractive volume has been edited from the letters of Southey. Much skill has been shown in the selection and arrangement of the letters, which form, with

* Robert Elsmere. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. \$1.50. New York: Macmillan & Co.

* Robert Southey: The Story of his Life Written in his Letters. Edited by John Dennis. \$2.25. Boston: D. Lothrop Co.

the aid of paragraphs here and there from the editor, a continuous and most readable life of the poet. Few volumes of this kind are so well managed, with such good taste and wise discrimination, and with a judgment so appreciative and just. A work of this sort is very desirable for the purpose of bringing Southey, with all his manliness, honesty, industry and sincerity, once again to the attention of reading people. His poetry is of a kind which does not keep its hold upon the public, and in fact never became popular. He was also unfortunate in his prose works, on which he felt sure his reputation would rest, for his elaborate histories have ceased to attract attention. He worked very hard at literature as a profession, with great diligence and unremitting fidelity, that his family might live and that he might eat the bread of independence. His letters show how much of a man he was, how thoroughly above any mean and selfish conduct from the beginning to the end of his career.

Southey is an instance of a very considerable literary reputation resting upon other grounds than those of actual literary performance. His books would scarcely entitle him to mention among the leading literary workers of England, for they are almost unknown at the present time. What keeps his name fresh is his connection with a great literary movement, the greatest which England has known since the days of Shakspeare. He was the intimate friend of Wordsworth and Coleridge, and he is closely identified with all that they were and all for which they labored in literature. He had not their originality, but he had a more rounded and noble character than either of his friends. He was a better neighbor and friend, more sympathetic and manly, than the great poets with whom he was associated. With the whole literary movement of the first part of the present century Southey was intimately connected, and no history of that movement can be written which does not make frequent mention of him and of what he was as a man. In a lesser degree his position is similar to that of Dr. Johnson, whose books have also ceased to have any special interest to the readers of the present day, but whose life and character and literary influence remain as fixed quantities. We do not read Johnson, but we know him as a tremendous literary power. Mr. Dennis has shown us that Southey was a sort of beneficent providence to his greater friends, and as such it is that we best know him.

Recent Fiction

LUCAS MALET has given us another novel, and to those who read 'Mrs. Lorimer' and 'Col. Enderby's Wife' the interval of waiting has been long. 'A Counsel of Perfection,' as the author calls her new story, is an idyl of a woman who reached the age of thirty-seven before she loved or was beloved. Her father, an old pedant, made church histories, and she corrected proofs and made notes for him. When the story opens she is grudgingly permitted to go to Switzerland for two weeks with some friends. There she meets a man of the world of an appreciative dilettante nature. For a while his best self wakes, and he recognizes the beauty of Miss Casteen's character. She, under the influence of his daily presence, falls in love with him. He, after she returns to England, and after some moral fluctuations and a little trip with an old lady friend of questionable integrity, goes to England and offers himself to her with the easy air of a man who stoops to pick up a ripe pear that has dropped at his feet. She refuses him, not because she sees he is flippant, but because she thinks her father needs her—which, as the sacrifice was wholly unappreciated and unthanked, is all the more touching. The story has hardly the breadth of scale of the author's two former novels. It has, however, their grace of handling. Indeed, Dr. Casteen, the egoistic, absorbed historiographer, is perhaps the cleverest bit of drawing she has done; and it certainly takes far more art to paint the subdued half-tones of Miss Casteen's filial piety than to produce the brilliant effects of Jessie Enderby's character. This book, like the others, has the incisive cleverness of expression, the trenchant wit, the scholarly atmosphere, the spirited style, the tenderness for lost ideals ill concealed under a racy humor, and the delicate cynicism which we have learned to look for in the books of Charles Kingsley's daughter, although Mrs. Harrison has neither inherited her fame nor borrowed her ideas from her father. (50 cts. D. Appleton & Co.)

J. B. LIPPINCOTT Co. are issuing in book form the novellettes which have appeared each month in their *Magazine*. Mrs. Hodgson-Burnett's 'Miss Defarge' and 'Brue-ton's Bayou,' by John Habberton, form the latest volume. In 'Miss Defarge,' Mrs. Burnett has given us a good deal of action and that vigorous handling which have become characteristic of her late style; but the story is a series of incidents rather than a study of character. We are glad to have 'Brue-ton's Bayou' in our hands again—to recall its charming picture of Southern life, with the genuine naturalness of that simple household and the subtle differences in the social virtues and exactions of two extremes of civilization. Everything about the story is charming, from the sweet dignity of the impulsive Oelce and the instinctive cleverness of her old darkey protector, to the gentle irony which occasionally displays itself in the description of the men of the plantation. Even the hero, with his old youth and his absorption in the 'market'—even he had to succumb to the gentle influence of this bit of real nature.

MARION CRAWFORD'S trick of summoning the dead from the other world for literary purposes is not a new one, and the machinery by which he effects this translation 'With the Immortals' is clumsily contrived and by no means artistic. But after he has landed them on earth and got them fairly within his mortal pale, these wandering spirits are revived in the most wonderful manner. The dead who respond to the wizard's Endor-like summons are Julius Cæsar, Leonardo da Vinci, Pascal, Francis I., the Chevalier Bayard, Dr. Johnson, Chopin and Heinrich Heine. Mr. Crawford takes liberties with imperial Cæsar, perhaps, yet he makes him utter some very profound wisdom. It seems a little anomalous to hear him criticise latter-day affairs and the Victorian era of politics, but doubtless he does not lend himself easily to the exigencies of modern requirements. This classical hero does not compare in delineation with Landor's old Roman worthies, but the other shades, the author has moulded to his own desire with admirable success. He has caught the character of Francis the First very skilfully, and rendered his *milieu* with surprising distinctness. Dr. Johnson is not so interesting a personage here; his sledge-hammer sentences being perhaps very hard to reconstruct when the solid personality behind them is wanting. Bayard does not say much, but his delineation is very clear; he stands erect before us, the white-souled warrior, *sans peur et sans reproche*. Leonardo is made the medium of some beautiful utterances; so, too, is Pascal; but the latter is a little depressing at times. But with Heine and Chopin Mr. Crawford is most happy. The wayward, emotional, ardent poet is present visibly, even to his long, nervous, alabaster hands; and the melancholy musician, radiant with his creations. Some of the conversations in which the two take part are of the utmost truth and beauty, and prove that the author has caught the music of these two ill-starred mortals at the same time, that he heard their tunes. The characters in the book are sometimes inconsistent, and the construction of the tale, if such it can be called, is unsatisfactory; but many of these new 'Imaginary Conversations' are of a high order. In the last chapter the poetry which the Sirens sing is often prose, but it is only fair to add that the prose is all poetry. (\$2. Macmillan & Co.)

MRS. HELEN CAMPBELL has just issued a new story. Mrs. Campbell has a highly ethical temperament, keenly alive to the impressions of modern social evils, and this tendency has been intensified by personal acquaintance with many of the scenes of tribulation which she describes. In the treatment of moral questions she possesses the distinct capacity of presenting them to the eyes of others in a touching way. This natural bent of her mind has been so highly cultivated by her experience in life, that it sometimes leads her to strike with too pensive a touch the chords of pure fiction. We fail, for instance, to find in 'Roger Berkeley's Probation' the cause for intense seriousness. Indeed, we failed to find in the story just what peculiar circumstances constituted his probation, since he seemed to have been the victim of no especial trial, but to have merely suffered the ordinary vicissitudes of fortune that flesh is heir to. (\$1. Roberts Bros.)—STORIES of adventure are at times a necessary part of mental hygiene; when told by such masters of effect as Stevenson and Rider Haggard, they rise to the height of a fine art. In Mr. Haggard's latest tale, 'Maiwa's Revenge,' Allan Quatermain, as an after-dinner story, tells the part which he took in 'Maiwa's revenge.' Although the story has the accelerating growth of interest and the vigorous spirit of the author's former tales, we feel a sense of excited anticipation which is not quite fulfilled. The truth of it is, that we are standing on that pinnacle to which Mr. Haggard's earlier stories have led us, and what we now want to have offered us is all the kingdoms of the world. That the effect of one's good work should be to expose one to a more difficult standard is one of the penalties of success, and yet it carries with it

a compensation in that the 'compliment implied,' as Mr. Gilbert rhymes it, may well 'fill him with legitimate pride.' (25 cts. Harper & Bros. 25 cts. Longmans, Green & Co.)

Minor Notices

PROF. MAX MÜLLER'S 'Three Introductory Lectures on the Science of Thought' present in a popular form the views maintained by the author in his larger work on the same subject. His main theory, as is well known, is that language and thought are identical; by which he of course does not mean that the actually spoken word is a thought, but that the mental word, the word as heard in imagination only, is the same thing as the thought which it represents. This theory he holds with the most perfect self-confidence, and defends with such logic as he is master of—a logic which does not seem to most other people very conclusive. Prof. Müller has devoted himself so assiduously to philological science that he sees everything from that standpoint, and apparently thinks that all philosophical questions are really nothing but problems in philology. Thus he tells us that the doctrine of materialism is 'no more than a grammatical blunder: it is the substitution of a nominative for an accusative, or of an active for a passive verb.' He also holds that reasoning is nothing but adding and subtracting; and many other curious opinions might be cited from his pages. The lectures are in their way interesting, even to those who disagree with the author's views; and they of course contain many specimens of that linguistic knowledge for which Prof. Müller is noted. In the appendix to the volume will be found a number of letters in opposition to the author's theory from Messrs. Galton and Romanes, the Duke of Argyll and others, with replies by the Professor himself, so that the book as a whole contains as much discussion of the subject as most readers will desire. (75 cts. Chicago: Open Court Pub. Co.)

THE TRANSLATIONS of bird-life and bird-emotions into our grosser language, and the accuracy of her observations show Olive Shorne Miller to be of a poetic, as well as a scientific 'turn.' 'In Nesting Time' is full of the most charming descriptions of her minute and faithful examination of the habits of birds. The mocking-bird of the South, the industrious and resolute blue-jay, the brilliant tanager, the fun-loving robins, the oriole—in fact nearly all of our native Eastern and Southern birds are studied, and their characteristics disclosed to us in the most interesting and attractive way. Besides being instructive and truthful in its research, the book has a delicate fancy, a freshness, an airiness of spirit that is enchanting. One is carried with the author out into the fields, through brambly paths to old forsaken gardens, to sit through early matins and the long spring afternoons furtively watching little feathered families, until the love-making and leave-taking of the vesper hours. In a country where so few of its people know even the names of the birds native to the soil, or in this instance to the air, such books as these of Mrs. Miller's are of inestimable value. They are good to remember when birthdays and holidays come round. (\$1.25. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

MR. VAN BUREN DENSLOW in his 'Principles of Economic Philosophy' adds another to the many ambitious attempts to reconstruct the science of political economy. He has evidently given much time and study to the subject, and has written a large and elaborate work; but we fear that he has accomplished little in the way of reconstruction. His work is really on economic practice rather than on the scientific principles that underlie such practice; and deals especially with the relations of the state to industry. Indeed, he defines political economy as 'a criticism upon statesmanship;' and this of itself shows that his treatise is something different from the standard economic works. Still, every writer who looks at the subject from a purely practical standpoint holds a similar view of what political economy is; so that in this respect Mr. Denslow is not alone among writers of the present day. The main object of his work, however, is to advocate the policy of 'protection to native industry.' He has little regard for scientific economists, and maintains that 'the highest school of economic thought' is that of 'the world's best business men, producers, workers.' With such views of his subject and of its previous cultivators, it is not surprising that his work contains much curious doctrine. At least half the book is devoted to the subjects of government and legislation, and the author by no means confines himself to their purely economic aspects. Government, he maintains, originates in force, some men having the strength and ambition to rule and others being disposed to obey. Labor, he thinks, arises in a similar way and has a servile origin. 'Labor,' he says, 'is servile effort—i. e., effort that would not be put forth for the intrinsic pleasure of the effort, but solely because such circumstances exist that one man feels constrained to serve another. This is why the expenditure of effort in

art, science, sport, statesmanship, crime, enterprise, eloquence or religion, is not labor' (p. 284). In the same passage he tells us that the slave is a laborer, although he elsewhere says that the slave is not a laborer at all but a mere piece of capital. Mr. Denslow favors the accumulation of large masses of capital in a few hands, maintaining that this is best for all classes of society; he also approves of large landed estates, and looks with disfavor on anything like an equal distribution of material goods. On the subject of tariffs and international trade he presents the usual protectionist arguments, and those who wish to study that side of this controverted question will find the case for protection elaborately presented in his pages. From the brief summary here given of some of the author's doctrines, it will be seen how greatly he differs from most other economists; but that his discussions will effect any considerable change in economic opinion we do not believe. (\$3.50. Cassell & Co.)

'THE LESSON COMMENTARY; or, the International Sunday-school Lessons for 1888' strikes us as almost the ideal of a cheap manual. It is catholic in its selection of choice passages from many writers, and concise, pointed and sensible in its own annotations. The two versions (1611 and 1881-4) are printed fairly together—that is, in the same style of type, instead of one large and the other fine. Though the illustrations impress us by their quantity rather than quality, they are yet appropriate and helpful to the text. We are sorry to find so honest an author as Rev. J. H. Vincent perpetuating the old literary superstition that King James's version of the Bible is, or ever was, 'authorized.' If he continues to keep the misleading headline, let us have proof of its right to be there. Rev. Wesley O. Howard of the United States Navy is the assistant editor of this most useful and valuable manual, the maps, indexes and other appurtenances of which are so liberally provided. (\$1.25. Phillips & Hunt.)

Grant, Sherman, Sheridan.

Written on the Death of Sheridan, August, 1888.

Quietly, like a child
That sinks in slumber mild,
No pain or troubled thought his well-earned peace to mar,
Sank into endless rest our thunder-bolt of war.

Though his the power to smite,
Quick as the lightning's light,—
His single arm an army, and his name a host,
Not his the love of blood, the warrior's cruel boast.

But in the battle's flame
How glorious he came!—
Even like a white-combed wave that breaks and tears the
shore,
While wreck lies strewn behind, and terror flies before.

'Twas he,—his voice, his might,—
Could stay the panic-flight,
Alone shame back the headlong, many-leagued retreat,
And turn to evening triumph morning's foul defeat.

He was our modern Mars,
Yet firm his faith that wars
Ere long would cease to vex the sad ensanguined earth,
And peace forever reign, as at Christ's holy birth.

Blest land, in whose dark hour
Doth rise to mightiest power
No dazzler of the sword to play the tyrant's part,
But patriot-soldiers, true and pure and high of heart!

Of such our chief of all;
And he who broke the wall
Of civil strife in twain, no more to build or mend;
And he who hath this day made Death his faithful friend.

And now above his tomb
From out the eternal gloom
'Welcome!' his chieftain's voice sounds o'er the cannon's
knell;
And of the three one only stays to say 'Farewell!'

RICHARD W. GILDER.

The Lounger

I SEE that *Current Literature* accredits to THE CRITIC the questionable vogue of 'The Quick or the Dead?' It says that when the tale was first published it fell flat, but that THE CRITIC, in passing upon it, expressed a hope that no American mother would allow her daughters to read the story. This well-meant warning, we are told, did the very harm it was intended to avert. I hope, however, THE CRITIC will not be held responsible for all the evil this prurient study has brought about; for since its advent there seems to be springing up a school of erotic fiction of which Miss Rives is regarded as the head and inspiration. I have in my mind now three young girls, none of them out of their teens, who have this summer given birth to imaginative romances, the motive and treatment of which would have staggered George Sand in her most 'emancipated' moments. Of course, the reviewers pounce upon them, and then the unhappy young women burst into tears, and declare that they are the most miserable and misunderstood of human beings. One of these overwrought misses—with a remembrance, perhaps, of her predecessor's experience—is thrown by the critics' strictures into a state of nervous prostration. Publishers, alas! are always to be found who will stand sponsor to these tales; and so the malady runs on. Denunciation from press and pulpit tends rather to increase than to abate its spread and virulence. The best treatment it can receive, therefore, is silence.

IT WAS Mrs. Thurber who gave the name Onteora to the beautiful region in the Catskill Mountains now converted into a park of hills and valleys. When the two thousand acres were bought, all sorts of names were suggested, but Mrs. Thurber searched through books of Indian lore, until she came across the name Onteora, meaning 'hills of the sky,' which had been originally applied to those very hills. So the name is doubly good, intrinsically beautiful as well as racy of the hills. Such a beautiful spot ought to have a beautiful name. The Bear and Fox Inn at Onteora reminds one of the inn at Barbizon; not in its exterior, but because the big dining-room with its fire of blazing logs has been decorated by the artists who have visited the place. The walls are of prepared burlap, which is an admirable surface for paint, and they have been panelled off with hoop-poles. On these panels are landscapes and portraits by well-known artists. The pretty sign-board that swings from a wrought-iron bracket at the side of the Inn was painted by Miss Dora Wheeler, who has a cottage and a studio among these mountains. It is a very 'jolly' design, if I may indulge in this Anglo-maniacal expression, and represents a bear and fox skipping hand-in-hand (or should I say paw in paw?) over the moonlit hills.

A MAN who has suffered from insomnia thinks he has found a sure cure for that most harassing of ills. He observes that the brain is divided into lobes, and that one of these lobes is devoted to the manufacture of dreams. Now this is the lobe to encourage when you go to bed. The others that are given over to more practical uses are wide-awake and always ready for work, so that the unfortunate who longs for sleep finds it as illusive as a child finds the bird whose tail he would sprinkle with salt. Now, says this writer, cultivate the dream lobe. When you go to bed, go to sleep at once and dream dreams; and if you wake up in the dead hour of the night, instead of letting the practical working lobes get the upper hand, cultivate the dream lobe by going over the dream you have just awakened from and think out the concluding chapters, or compose a sequel to it. Nothing could be simpler than this device. It is much better than repeating the multiplication-table, or counting a flock of sheep jumping over the lowered bars of a fence. There are only two difficulties that I see, and these are (1) to induce the first sleep, and (2) to make it productive of dreams! If the inventor of this dream system can only surmount this obstacle, his recipe will no doubt work like a charm,—unless one remembers Col. Higginson's 'Monarch of Dreams,' and how he became the slave of his subjects, and with that warning before him wisely refrains from developing the dream-lobe.

I THINK if 'a native author called Roe' were still on earth, his proverbial good-nature would fail him for once. It will be remembered that just before his death, the publishers of a Western writer named Edward R. Roe took advantage of the popularity of the Eastern romancer, and foisted his writings on a guileless public in paper, letter-press and covers identical with the paper-covered edition of his namesake's novels issued by Dodd, Mead & Co. The initial of his middle name was adroitly attenuated so as to pass scrutiny for a P., and a catching title, similar to those of the Eastern writer's books, was adopted. Mr. Edward P. Roe then prayed for an injunction to restrain Messrs. Laird & Lee of Chicago from

publishing this book, and a decision has been handed down denying it, the Court (Judge Waller) remarking, it is stated, that the suit in question was founded on the flimsiest pretext ever brought before him. And as if this were not enough, the Chicago papers come out in defence of 'Col. E. R. Roe, the well-known writer of fiction and scientific works,' declare that he was the first in the field, and intimate that the immensely successful 'Barriers Burned Away' sold in great part on the reputation of one of Col. Roe's forgotten productions! After the fulsome praise given her so lately by one of our own Aspasias, the Western Athens should be above jealousy. That she is not, this curious episode very plainly shows.

I NEVER had a stronger desire to be a great statesman than last Saturday afternoon, when I wandered about the decks of the City of New York, and reflected that Mr. Blaine had had the privilege of crossing the Atlantic on the first trip of that magnificent new ship as the guest of its owners. It was not merely an idle curiosity to see the vessel which had brought the great Protectionist home that impelled my steps to the foot of Barrow Street, but a desire to see what so big a ship looked like, close at hand. The effect was not disappointing. On the upper deck one could keep his head very easily, unless he looked over the gunwale at the water gliding by, twenty odd feet below. Up here it was easy to take one's bearings by the sun, and avoid getting lost between the mizzen-mast and the main; but down below, where deck after deck filled with state-rooms led to deck after deck crowded with machinery, to cellars and sub-cellars stored with merchandise and coal, it needed some experience of mining, and a good 'bump of locality,' to avoid turning up in Hoboken or at the Battery, when one was aiming only at the gangway that led to the dock. The ship is certainly a marvel of size and luxurious appointments, and the Empire City should be greatly complimented that she bears the name of New York. Leviathan would be a better name for her; but then the building of a bigger boat is, of course, only a question of time.

THE REV. H. N. POWERS sends me a printed slip containing some very clever verses, entitled 'The Phonograph's Salutation,' in which, at Mr. Edison's request he has embodied the phonograph's own conception of itself. The lines are in the form of a poetic address to Col. Gouraud. Mr. Powers spoke them into a phonograph at Orange, N. J., on June 16, and the instrument repeated them in the Colonel's hearing at Little Menlo, Upper Norwood, Surrey, England, on June 26. That the phonograph approved the sentiments put into his mouth by the Piermont pastor is shown conclusively by its failure to alter a syllable during the ten days it had the poem in its possession. Nor did the poet's voice suffer from its long voyage—probably the severest test to which the vocal powers have ever been subjected. Its 'carrying quality' proved more than equal to the occasion, the word spoken in New Jersey being 'heard round the world' without the slightest diminution of volume or variation of accent. The stanzas run as follows:

I seize the palpitating air. I hoard
Music and Speech. All lips that breathe are mine.
I speak, and the inviolable word
Authenticates its origin and sign.

I am a tomb, a Paradise, a throne;
An angel, prophet, slave, immortal friend:
My living records, in their native tone,
Convict the knave, and disputations end.

In me are souls enbalm'd. I am an ear
Flawless as truth, and truth's own tongue am I.
I am a resurrection; men may hear
The quick and dead converse, as I reply.

Hail English shores, and homes, and marts of peace!
New trophies, Gouraud, yet are to be won.
May 'sweetness, light,' and brotherhood increase!
I am the latest-born of Edison.

The Magazines

The American Anthropologist for July combines science and entertainment in a degree quite unexpected. The first paper, entitled 'Manners and Meals,' by Col. Garrick Mallery, traces many of our table usages to their origin, in a pleasant and ingenious fashion. Dr. W. J. Hoffman, in his 'Pictography and Shamanistic Rites of the Ojibwa,' gives us some novel and striking details, which rival in interest Cushing's Zuni narratives. W. H. Babcock, in a most amusing paper on the 'Games of Washington Children,' follows out, very happily, the lines of research in which Prof. Carrington Bolton and W. W. Newell have gained such fruitful results. An abstract of a paper on 'The Nephrite Question,' by Dr. A. B. Meyer, Director of the Royal Ethnographic Museum of Dresden, gives much curious information respecting the prehistoric imple-

ments fashioned of these perplexing 'greenstone' minerals, nephrite and jade, which have been discovered in various parts of the world; but the learned author seems to leave the question of their origin not much nearer to a solution than he found it. A well-merited tribute is paid to the memory of the late editor, Thomas Hampson, whose early death is a serious loss to science and literature. *The Anthropologist* is now under the editorial charge of H. W. Henshaw of the Bureau of Ethnology, well-known for his scientific researches and writings.

The Pennsylvania Magazine for July gives a fine portrait, and the beginning of a biography, of Joel R. Poinsett, a statesman of the Jacksonian Era, whose character and career were rather those of a cavalier of the times of Cortes, or Bayard, or Earl Peterborough, than of our prosaic century. An American, educated in England, who at the age of twenty-two joined the Swiss army of Aloys Reding in resisting the French invasion,—who subsequently received and refused an offer from the Russian Emperor Alexander of a post in his service,—who, after an adventurous ride through the Caucasus, hurried home to tender his services in the expected war with England,—was sent by President Madison on a confidential mission to South America, crossed the Andes from Buenos Ayres to Chile, took command of a division of the Chilean army, captured a Peruvian detachment and released from imprisonment the crews of eleven American whalers; who then, returning home, became Member of Congress, Minister to Mexico, leader of the Union party of South Carolina in the nullification period, and Secretary of War under Van Buren,—such a man had a series of experiences which probably no public man of his time could match. The story of his romantic life is well told by Dr. Stillé. Mr. Jordan's translation of Zeisberger's Onondaga Grammar is continued; and there are several other valuable papers, including two which have a flavor of literary history even in their titles—an account of Charles Brockden, William Penn's 'Keeper of the Great Seal,' and a Journal (1788) of William Ellery, of Newport, R. I.

The Pope Revival

THE long-promised library edition of Pope, which John Murray has had in preparation so many years, at last approaches completion. Four volumes have already appeared, and the remaining six are soon to follow. It will be an exhaustive compilation, and the biography, which is being written by W. J. Courthope, one of the editors of the work, will be the most thorough and comprehensive yet written. This will appear in the forthcoming volume, promised for November. The volumes already published are made up of the poetical works; the others will be devoted to the prose works and correspondence.

The author of 'The Essay on Man' seems, by the way, to be undergoing a literary resurrection, what with the publication just spoken of, the honor which Austin Dobson has paid to him this year, and the recent commemoration at Twickenham. This last affair passed off with great success. The exercises opened in the evening with a water pageant on the Thames, during which Pope's villa, what is left of the grotto in its original condition, and the church in which the poet is buried, were brilliantly illuminated. The river was gay with music and light. On the following day, the loan museum was opened with an address by Prof. Morley.

The collection brought together was a remarkable one. Headed by the Queen, who sent down some treasures from the Castle, everybody in the realm who had any Popean relics gladly lent them to the museum. There were many early and rare editions of Pope's works; curious autographs and MSS.; various portraits of the poet and his contemporaries; together with many interesting drawings and miniatures; and four volumes of libels upon the author, collected and annotated by himself. Roubiliac's original clay model of Pope held a conspicuous position, and among the personal mementoes were the much-talked-of cast of his skull, his walking-stick, a malacca cane, teapot, chair, mirror and casket. Mr. Dobson, of course, had a hand in the preparation of catalogue.

In the same connection, Mr. Labouchere who owns and occupies the historic villa at Twickenham, gave recently an open-air performance, under the trees Pope knew, of 'A Midsummer Night's Dream.' Miss Fortescue played Hermia, Miss Dorothy Dene was Helena, Mrs. Harding Cox, Titania; and Miss Annie Hughes sported among the shrubbery as Puck. It was, according to all accounts, an ideal affair. *The Scottish Review* in passing on the events very happily characterizes Pope as the *petit maître* of English literature.

THE Italian Government is to publish a new and complete edition of the works of Galileo. Prof. Antonio Favaro of the Royal University, Padua, is to superintend its preparation.

Davidge's First American Appearance

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

Many of the obituary notices called forth by the death of the veteran actor William Davidge assert that he made his first appearance in this country as Sir Peter Teazle. If I may trust my personal recollections, this is a mistake. Mr. Davidge made his first appearance here on the opening night of the Broadway Theatre—the original Broadway Theatre, which stood in Broadway on the east side, just above Pearl Street. The bill for that evening was 'The School for Scandal' and 'Used Up.' Mr. Henry Wallack, an uncle of Lester Wallack, appeared as Sir Peter Teazle, and his daughter, Miss Fanny Wallack, as Lady Teazle. In the second piece, 'Used Up,' two actors who afterwards became great favorites made their first bow to an American audience—Lester Wallack, as Sir Charles Coldstream, and William Davidge, as the blacksmith (the name of this part I cannot remember).

I do not recall any instance of Mr. Davidge appearing as Sir Peter, although he may have done so. He scarcely could have been very acceptable in the part, his humor being too broad and his style too lacking in elegance for this ideal of the old English gentleman. In his own field he was certainly excellent if not unapproachable. He was thoroughly imbued with the humor of the old comedy—something which has nearly disappeared,—and like many of the old men he was a master of the art of delivery—which also has nearly disappeared. I recollect on one occasion dropping in at the original Fifth Avenue Theatre when Mrs. Scott-Siddons was playing Viola. Davidge was Sir Toby Belch; and I do not exaggerate when I say that he was the only person on the stage who knew how to speak the Shakspearian language. How clear-cut was the meaning, how rich the turns of the humor, as he gave expression to the lines! Well, the new actors in the new plays are good men, but no one has mastery over the comedy of the old drama but the actors trained therein.

NEW YORK, Aug. 13, 1888.

O. B. BUNCE.

The Fine Arts

Art Notes

L'Art for August opens with an article, part descriptive, part critical, on Leonardo's 'Saint Anne,' by Eugène Müntz, with faithful and strongly executed illustrations. The same half sad, half sentimental face, peers out from each of these drawings—illusive, indescribable, unanswering—that looks out from every picture painted by this master. The sixth and concluding paper on the Salon, by Paul Leroi, appears with spirited studies accompanying it from Detaille. G. de Lériss has a descriptive study of 'Parisian Faience,' with a half-dozen or so of interesting examples. 'The Architecture at the Salon of 1888' is the subject of a contribution signed A. de Baudot; and Adolphe Piat has a twin-contribution on its 'Engraving and Lithography.' Delaroche's famous 'Children of Edward in the Tower, with its wonderful dog in the corner, serves as a subject for the etching this month. It is done—and well done, too—by Mongin. There is also a reproduction in color—of which only the French seem to know the secret—of the celebrated vase in faience de Rouen in the Musée de Cluny, stamped with the arms and crest of Montmorency-Luxembourg.

Messrs. Cassell & Co. have recently published a supplement to *The Magazine of Art* called 'Royal Academy Pictures,' illustrating fifty-three of the principal pictures and sculptures of this year's gallery. With the exception of the introduction, there is no letter-press. Among the plates, which are photographic reproductions from the originals, are W. B. Richmond's beautiful portrait of Mrs. Ernest Moon; Sir Frederick Leighton's 'Captive Andromache,' Frank Holl's 'Sir William Jenner, Oule's dignified and masterly portrait of Cardinal Manning, Watts's 'Dawn,' Poynter's 'Under the Sea-Wall,' Faed's 'Page of Burns,' Solomon's strange and original composition, 'Niobe,' Schmalz's 'Faithful unto Death,' Normand's 'Esther,' Perugini's popular but sentimental 'Summer Shower,' and—worth almost everything else in the collection—Riviere's 'Requiescat,' a poem of the Middle Ages in paint.

—The current *Scottish Art Review* in the department of painting has a paper on George Romney by Robt. Walker, one by Prof. R. A. M. Stevenson on 'Corot as an Example of Style in Painting' and one on 'Corot at Work,' by D. C. Thompson. Under sculpture there is the third instalment of a series of critical and descriptive articles on 'Sculpture at the Glasgow International Exhibition;' and under Architecture, an illustrated contribution by George W. Browne on 'General Indifference to Modern Architecture,' with a supplementary paper by Andrew Hall on the 'Architecture of the Glasgow Exhibition Buildings.' Mr. Walker gives a brief sketch of Paul Rajon, and Oscar Paterson takes a 'Glance at Italian Glass,'

with some illustrations of that ethereal substance. Walter Crane has here a sonnet called 'Renaissance.' Under Music we have a brief paper from Carl Reinecke 'On the Art of Accompanying Songs.' There are three loose plates enclosed—Corot's 'Evening in Normandy' in brown, his 'Souvenir d'Italie,' and Romney's bewitching portrait of Lady Derby.

—Mr. Whistler, the artist, and Mrs. Beatrice Godwin were married at Kensington last Saturday. Mr. Labouchere, his wife and two other ladies were the only witnesses. The bride was the widow of George Godwin, the architect, who died last January.

—*The Art Amateur* for August has its customary variety of pictures, patterns and reading matter. The frontispiece consists of a print of a Seventeenth Century cider jug in Rouen faience for suggestions for treatment; H. Chadeayne has a few words to say of 'Landscape-Painting in Oils'; there is the third part of an unsigned article on the 'Science of Landscape' (sky and water); L. S. Kellogg continues the theme, in a discourse on 'Flower-Painting'; James Beard writes of 'Dog-Painting'; Benn Pittman offers a very taking suggestion for a hanging-shelf panel, with some more remarks on 'Wood-Carving and Designing'; and Frederick Crowinshield contributes a page on 'Mural Painting,' expressing his faith in its 'revival.'

—Mr. Charles Calverley's statue of Robert Burns is to be unveiled in Washington Park, Albany, on August 30. It is now being cast in bronze in Philadelphia. Let us hope that it is a better thing than the monstrosity of the poet in our own Central Park.

The Gladstones' Golden Wedding

[The Pall Mall Gazette]

TO-DAY (Wednesday, July 25), Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of their wedding day, and there will be rejoicings in the quaint old village of Hawarden. The home of the Grand Old Man is situated on the summit of a range of hills overlooking Chester and the river Dee. The village contains the remains of a castle which dates back almost to the Conqueror, and the ancient mound fortification, the ditch and drawbridge, and the keep are proof to-day of its power in the past. The old Castle standing in the grounds is scarce more than a relic now. The modern castle in which the Gladstone family resides was built over a hundred years ago, and has been considerably added to from time to time, so that it is a comparatively new seat. It has a splendid appearance; the stone battlements and walls, which are well grown with ivy, look especially striking. The grounds contain several points of interest, are exceedingly well wooded *even now*, much to the surprise of many visitors, who have heard no little of Mr. Gladstone's powers with his axe.

Hawarden church is of rather ancient construction, and, like the castle, has been altered and added to considerably up to date. Its stumpy square tower and rows of battlements along the roof look very striking. The graveyard attached is very considerable, and contains some exceptionally old ages on the stones—a few centuries are, in fact, to be seen. Situated as it is right on the summit of a hill, a splendid view can be had of the tract of land below and the course of the river Dee. The interior of the church is very massive and heavy in appearance. One very interesting item is the lectern from which Mr. Gladstone reads the lessons when he is at home. His manner while so doing is characteristic. Holding himself erect he gives forth his lines in a clear and penetrating voice, every word being easily heard and grasped. With his right hand he follows the lines down the Bible as he reads them, while with his left he clutches the high candlestick beside him for support. When Mr. Gladstone is expected to read the lessons a full congregation may be relied upon. Some very extraordinary scenes have been witnessed during service at Hawarden church. Members of the congregation have come out of their pews and stood in the aisle to look at the great orator while he has been reading, and others have been actually so moved by his impressive rendering that they stood on their seats in the pew and stared wildly at him.

Mr. Gladstone lives a very regular life at home. He breakfasts lightly about seven o'clock in the morning, and shortly before eight walks to the church for prayers. To the observant bystander the sight of our greatest statesman wending his way to church in the early morn is, to say the least, interesting. Clad in a long coat, buttoned well up, with a long shawl wrapped closely round his neck, and wearing a soft hat, his appearance is very different to when we see him in London. Yet his gait, as he treads lightly along, silently acknowledging the many fervent salutations from the villagers, is every inch that of the great and thoughtful old man. Upon his return from morning prayers Mr. Gladstone retires to his study, where he peruses and answers his enormous mass of daily correspondence. Almost adjoining the Castle stands the

Orphanage which Mrs. Gladstone controls and fosters. There are endless delightful little bits of nature to be seen in the park, especially by the old mill, which is situated by the brook at the lower end of the grounds. The main entrance to the castle is from the village itself, just opposite the Glynne Arms Hotel, and is rather imposing and massive. On the slope below the church stands the old dower-house of the Glynne family, which is now known as 'The Ash,' and which is tenanted by a farmer. It is a very picturesque old place, and the large old-fashioned fireplaces that it contains are very curious examples. Only a few months ago Mr. Gladstone, after felling a tree in the garden, had tea there with Mrs. Gladstone, and staid conversing with his tenant upon farming matters for three or four hours.

Mr. Gladstone's study is rather curiously arranged. The walls are covered with books, and volumes are also massed in large shelves jutting out from the walls into the room. Between each partition of books there is room to walk, thus the saving of space in arranging the library in this manner is enormous. The stock of books, perhaps, exceeds 15,000 volumes, and notwithstanding this large number Mr. Gladstone has little difficulty in placing his hand upon any volume that he may require. There are three writing desks in the room; one is chiefly reserved for correspondence of a political nature and another is used by Mrs. Gladstone. Looking out of the study window the flower-beds facing the castle present a picturesque appearance, while the heavy wooded grounds beyond stand out in bold relief and form a massive green background.

Luncheon at the Castle is conducted in a homely manner. The 'lunch is on the hob' at Hawarden Castle for an hour or two during the day, and is partaken of by those at home at various times. In other words, there is no settled time for luncheon at the Castle. In the afternoon Mr. Gladstone takes a walk in the grounds, and if the weather is propitious, usually engages in his favorite 'pastime.' With coat off and equipped for the fray, it is splendid to watch the vigorous and telling strokes with which he attacks the hapless tree. Mr. Gladstone dines at eight o'clock, and it is wonderful how freely he converses upon any topic that his guest may suggest. Many men read a great deal, but how few remember what they have read. Mr. Gladstone has read enormously and remembers all he has read. Mr. Gladstone retires early, and shortly before ten o'clock his day's labors are over.

As one rambles through the village the most striking feature is the 'nameless' street, which may almost be described as Hawarden's only street. This nameless street contains some of the old-fashioned inns which were established and prospered in the almost forgotten days of the stage coach. Now, alas! their days are gone. The rushing and hissing iron horse of the London and North Western Railway Company, which speeds rapidly along two miles away, has changed all. The comfortable, old resting places by the wayside in Hawarden are now no longer excited by the sudden appearance of the old stage coach, for the traveller of to-day skirts Hawarden unnoticed while swiftly flying along the great railroad between London and Holyhead. The oldest inn in the village is the Fox, which is situated in this nameless highway. It is a very quiet old place, and is presided over by Mrs. Maria Jones, who is quite one of the old school in the village. The Fox Inn used to be the changing station in the old coaching days for the mails from Chester to Flint and Llangollen. Another curious custom flourishes at Hawarden. When delivering letters in the outlying districts the postman sits leisurely in his trap and blows his shrill whistle when he gets opposite a place of call, and the inmates come out for their missives. Whether this system emanates from lethargy on the part of the letter-carrier, or whether it is a procedure peculiar to the district is an open question.

The picturesque ferry over the river Dee at Queensferry, distant a mile and a half from Hawarden, is an attractive little bit of riverside scenery. The craft that 'does the passage' is drawn across in the usual manner with chains, which are worked from the deck by two enterprising Dutchmen. Why these 'Dutchies' should have settled down in this deserted spot we cannot quite see. Yet the circumstance of fact remains, and so do our friends 'the Dutchies.' The ferry is free to all comers, but these astute Hollanders often fail to observe the hurrying traveller, waiting to cross on the opposite bank, who fails to leave them a coin of the realm. It is probable that there would be no regret among the villagers and others who frequent the ferry if its effete existence were terminated altogether. A little further out towards the mouth of the Dee a massive structure is steadily stretching its strong arms across the river. This is the railway bridge which is to connect the new line from Wrexham to Liverpool. This bridge is closely connected with the great name upon which we are writing. Mr. Gladstone laid its foundation-stone, and has strongly advocated the construction of the railway as a means of improving the trade of the locality.

Its completion will doubtlessly bring Hawarden to the fore; but we fear it will be a thorn to attack the great financier. The vast army of excursionists who annually visit Hawarden in the hopes of catching a glimpse of Mr. Gladstone will be still further augmented. The new railway will place Hawarden, so to speak, next door to Liverpool, with its adjacent populous towns. The country around Hawarden is rich in coal and is fairly well worked. About Buckley, a short distance off, some large pottery works exist which provide plenty of employment for the native artisans. The clay that is got in the neighborhood is specially adapted for this use.

Notes

LEE & SHEPARD have in press a book entitled 'Travellers and Outlaws: Episodes in American History,' which is made up of various historical papers of Col. T. W. Higginson's contributed to the magazines, with some additions. Among these sketches are 'Old Salem Sea Captains,' 'A Revolutionary Congressman on Horseback,' 'A New England Vagabond,' 'The Maroons of Jamaica,' 'The Maroons of Surinam,' 'Gabriel's Defeat,' 'Denmark Vesey,' 'Nat Turner's Insurrection,' etc.—a tempting array! Col. Higginson's 'Monarch of Dreams' has been translated into French by Pierre de Champvaux, and is to appear in Paris.

—The Harpers issue this week Walter Besant's 'Fifty Years Ago.'

—Mr. G. P. Lathrop will bring out, about the end of this month an edition of his 'Gettysburg: A Battle-Ode,' in pamphlet form, printed at the De Vinne Press, with wide margins and a simple cover. The edition will be small, and printed from type. Only portions of the Ode were given in the July *Scribner's*, and it will appear for the first time complete and revised in this separate form. The booklet will bear the imprint of Chas. Scribner's Sons, and will be for sale by them, though orders may also be sent to the author at New London. The *National Tribune* says of this ode: 'Mr. Lathrop's battle-poem was the oratory of the whole Reunion melted, refined and run into the purest artistic mold.'

—Zola's new novel, 'Le Rêve,' will be published in October. It is said to be chaste as snow.

—Every day emphasizes the need of International Copyright. When the Macmillans brought out 'Robert Elsmere' in England, the American house received a consignment which was snapped up on the day of its arrival here. Other consignments were immediately ordered, which for some reason have as yet failed to put in an appearance. In the meantime a well-known piratical publishing-house of this city has taken advantage of this delay, and put upon the market a cheap paper-covered edition of the book. Every copy of this that is sold robs the author and her publishers of so much rightful profit.

—Longmans, Green & Co. will publish shortly 'The Record of a Human Soul,' by an anonymous writer. As the title suggests, it is a study of a soul's struggle with scepticism.

—Mr. Stevenson may find something lacking in the most 'Popular Authors' from a literary standpoint, but from the mercantile point of view they can afford to laugh at even such a successful and well-paid writer as he. H. P. Halsey, for instance, the author of the 'Old Sleuth' literature, is said to coin more money from his pen than any other scribbler in America; and Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth's new novel, 'The Hidden Hand,' calls out an order from one concern of 10,000 copies, the largest single advance order ever made, it is said.

—'Ninette, an Idyll of Provence,' by the author of 'Véra,' is the latest addition to the Appleton's Town and Country Series.

—The experience of the survivors of the Henry James, a Scotch bark which was wrecked recently on a coral-reef in the Pacific Ocean, should go far to convince the school of fiction writers of which the namesake of that luckless vessel is a leader, that 'all the stories have' not 'been told.' Their misadventures are described as 'probably of an unparalleled nature.'

—Theodore Child's paper on 'Limoges and its Industries' will be the leading article in the October *Harper's*.

—Lewis Carroll is one of the many Englishmen of letters who use the type-writer. He is quoted as saying of it: 'This mode of writing is, of course, an American invention. We never invent new machinery here. We do but use, to the best of our ability, the machines you send us.' A speed contest in type-writing occurred at Toronto last Monday. The test was five minutes' writing of legal testimony and five of ordinary correspondence. The result was the award of a gold medal to Miss M. E. Orr, of New York, who wrote on the Remington machine 987 words in ten minutes, and of a silver medal to Mr. Frank E. McGurkin, of Salt Lake City, also a Remington operator, who averaged ninety-five words a minute.

—Messrs. Putnam have made a valuable addition to their Questions of the Day Series, in the form of a pamphlet containing Mr. Lowell's Reform Club address of last April, on 'The Independent in Politics.'

—The correspondent of the *Times* cabled from London last Saturday:—'A crusade against Zola has been started here this week, and Vizetelly, a prominent bookseller, who sells about 1,000 copies of Zola weekly, has been committed for trial for selling improper literature. . . . Vizetelly is a prominent and respectable business man. If the prosecution of him was but the beginning of a general movement against the lower class dealers it would be laudable, but no such promise is made.'

—Of Rider Haggard's new story, 'Maiwa's Revenge,' 20,000 copies were sold by Longmans before the day of publication, and the first edition of Stevenson's new story was also fully subscribed for.

—Mr. W. M. Griswold writes to us from Washington that he resigned his position in the Congressional Library several months ago.

—Andrew Lang, if report speaks true, spends four hours a day at 'pure literature,' and writes six articles a week for the London *Daily News*, two articles and two reviews for *The Saturday Review* and two humorous sketches for the *St. James's Gazette*. For his work for the three journals named he is said to receive \$15,000 a year.

—The *Revue Bleue* announces the death of the well-known French critic, Maxime Gaucher, long a member of its staff.

—The *Century* will devote its September number largely to educational themes. The contributions will include 'The University and the Bible,' by T. T. Munger; 'Women who go to College,' by Arthur Gilman; 'The Industrial Idea in Education,' by Chas. M. Carter; an illustrated paper on 'College Fraternities,' with pictures of chapter-houses and society halls at Yale, Harvard, Princeton, and other colleges, and one on 'Uppingham: an Ancient School Worked on Modern Ideas,' with illustrations by Joseph Pennell, and a portrait of the late Headmaster, Edward Thring. There will also be editorial articles and Open Letters on different branches of the same subject.

—Mme. Victoria Benedictsson (Ernst Ahlgren), the promising Swedish novelist, is dead.

—Dummer Academy, in the parish of Byfield (Newbury), Essex County, Mass.—an endowed school established on land held by the founder's ancestors first after the aborigines relinquished it—has celebrated its 125th anniversary. The school was opened on March 1, 1763. In the Dummer stock, Judge Sewall, the poet Longfellow, President Cleveland, and many other personages of distinction, unite as kinsmen.

—Daudet's 'L'Immortel' has sold in Paris at the rate of over 10,000 copies a week. 'Karl Sterne,' by the way, the author of 'Fragments from an Unpublished Book,' is said to be Daudet's wife.

—The bulk of Lord Chancellor Hardwicke's choice library has been purchased for American collectors.

—Mr. Swinburne contributes to the August *Fortnightly* a long poem, in various measures, on the 'Armada,' apropos of its tercentenary commemoration.

—Grace Greenwood, Admiral Porter, Wilkie Collins, Gen. Frémont, Mrs. Wilcox, Mrs. Lew Wallace, Miss Cleveland, Marion Harland, Max O'Rell, Anna Green, Jessie Frémont, 'The Duchess,' Joaquin Miller, Sydney Lusk, Donald G. Mitchell, Mrs. Alexander, Bill Nye, Augusta Evans Wilson, Helen Campbell, James Parton, Jenny June, Octave Thanet, B. P. Shillaber, and Marietta Holley are among the contributors to the Bok Syndicate Press.

—Cupples & Hurd are soon to publish Bronson Alcott's estimate of Emerson.

—Rider Haggard keeps the critics busy. They are now at work in England on 'Cetywayo and his White Neighbors,' of which Trübner & Co. have issued a second edition with a new introduction.

—Prof. L. D. Ventura of Boston asks us to contradict the current report that he has accepted a call to teach Italian in the University at Athens.

A Newport correspondent of the Boston *Transcript* says:

It was my good fortune to meet the eminent historian [George Bancroft] at the house of a friend during the past week, and not only Mr. Bancroft, but Mr. George William Curtis, Dr. Frederick H. Hedge, the eminent Unitarian divine and writer, and Mrs. Julia Ward Howe were all assembled together, by a happy chance, in the same hospitable drawing-room. Mr. Bancroft meets his old friends with the greatest cordiality, and in conversation he seems as brilliant as ever. Those who remember him in his younger days say that he has grown handsomer with advanc-

ing years. The beauty of his snow-white hair is like that of some wondrous silver fleece—so thick is it, so soft, and of such perfect color. His dark eyes contrast finely with the thick hair and beard whose vigorous growth testify to the strength of their owner, while their color shows that he, like all of us, must pay some tribute to that cruel tyrant Time. Mr. Bancroft still takes his daily rides on horseback.

—'Cressy' is the title of Bret Harte's new serial, begun in the current number of *Macmillan's Magazine*.

—According to the *Boston Post*, Mr. Lewis Carroll, author of 'Alice in Wonderland,' has sent a letter and a poem to *The Jabberwock*, a little Boston paper named for one of his delightful inventions, and edited and published by some of the pupils of the Girls' Latin School. The verses run thus, under the title of 'A Lesson in Latin':

Our Latin books, in motley row,
Invite us to the task,—
Gay Horace, stately Cicero;
Yet there's one verb, when once we know,
No higher skill we ask:
This ranks all other lore above,—
We've learned 'amare' means 'to love'!
So hour by hour, from flower to flower,
We sip the sweets of life;
Till, ah! too soon the clouds arise,
And knitted brows and angry eyes
Proclaim the dawn of strife.
With half a smile and half a sigh,
'Amare! Bitter One!' we cry.
Last night we owned, with looks forlorn,
'Too well the scholar knows
There is no rose without a thorn—'
But peace is made! We sing, this morn,
'No thorn without a rose!'
Our Latin lesson is complete:
We've learned that Love is 'Bitter-sweet!'

—Prof. Dowden has in preparation a cheap one-volume edition of his Shelley biography.

—Mr. Richard S. Spofford, husband of the well-known writer Harriet Prescott Spofford, died at Amesbury, Mass., last week.

—Wemyss Reid's *Life of Forster* has had an immense success in England. The author will devote the next twelve months to the preparation of Lord Houghton's biography.

—Arrowsmith is now issuing an autobiography of George Grossmith, the actor, entitled 'A Society Clown.' Grossmith, it will be remembered, was Gilbert and Sullivan's 'right bower' in the popularization of their operettas in England.

—The Routledges are to bring out a translation of Pierre Loti's 'Madame Chrysanthème.'

—Redway of London announces for publication a so-called Esoteric Series, which will be composed of reprints from old works on astrology, alchemy, Free-Masonry, magic, etc.

—Mr. S. T. Pickard, of the publishing-house of Elwell, Pickard & Co., writes to us from Portland, Me.:

In a notice of 'The Poets of Maine' in *THE CRITIC* of Aug. 4, the question is asked, why Hawthorne, Webster, Mrs. Stowe, and Dr. Ray Palmer are included among the singers of Maine. The reason is obvious. Though neither of these eminent personages was born in the Pine Tree State, they were all citizens and residents, for an appreciable part of their respective careers. Dr. Palmer was for fourteen or fifteen years pastor of a Congregational church in Bath, and some of his best literary work was done while he resided in Maine. Mrs. Stowe resided in Brunswick from 1850 to 1852, when her husband was Professor in Bowdoin College. She wrote 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' every line of it, while a resident of Maine. Hawthorne went to live with his uncle, Richard Manning, in Raymond, in his early youth, and it was here he wrote his first Notebooks. He was also educated at Bowdoin College. The poem of his that appears in 'The Poets of Maine' is boy's work, and mere doggerel, but its theme is a drowning accident that occurred in Windham, Maine. Daniel Webster recorded deeds, studied law, dabbled in verse, made his first Fourth of July oration, and was principal of an academy, at Fryeburg, Maine, in the first years of the present century. I submit, therefore, that the inclusion of these great names in a list of Maine authors is justifiable.

Publications Received

RECEIPT of new publications is acknowledged in this column. Further notice of any work will depend upon its interest and importance. Where no address is given the publication is issued in New York.

Addison, J. *Essays and Tales*. 10c. Cassell & Co.
Annual Report of the Dante Society. No. 7. Cambridge: John Wilson & Son.
Battles and Leaders of the Civil War. XXI.-XXII. 50c. each. Century Co.
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The Free Parliament

[Communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication. Correspondents answering or referring to any question are requested to give the number of the question for convenience of reference.]

QUESTIONS

No. 1379.—I am curious to know the authorship of these quotations?

1. Evil minds change good to their own nature,
2. Nor hath thy knowledge of adversity
Robbed thee of any faith in happiness.
3. And certes, in fair virtue's heavenly road
The cottage leaves the palace far behind.
4. Days happy as gold coin could invent
Without the aid of love.
5. Half-happy, by comparison of bliss,
Is miserable.

SAUGUS, MASS.

J. G. G.

[5. We are confident the lines are Milton's, but cannot locate them more definitely.]

ANSWERS.

No. 1371.—4. Concluding lines of fourth stanza of Moore's 'Paradise and the Peri.' 5. Burns's 'On Sensibility, addressed To my dear and much honored friend, Mrs. Dunlop, of Dunlop.'

ENGLEWOOD, N. J.

L. C. D.

No. 1373.—I. L. N. evidently means the Fortsas Catalogue—a rare book now, of which this is the title:—'Catalogue d'une très riche mais peu nombreuse collection de livres, provenant de la Bibliothèque de feu M. le Comte J. H. A. de Fortsas, dont la vente se fera à Binche le 20 Avril 1840, à 11 heures du matin, en l'étude et par le ministère de M. Mourlon, notaire, Rue de l'Eglise, No. 9.' (8vo. Brussels.) The Catalogue is made up entirely of titles of books that do not exist, but being prepared with all the skill of an expert in bibliography, the bibliophiles of the period flocked together at the little town of Binche (Belgium) on the day of the sale, prepared to buy certain numbers at any price. Even the Belgian Government sent orders to purchase for the National Library. They all found that neither the Count nor the Notary nor the Library existed. Beraldi, in the 'Bibliothèque d'un Bibliophile,' page 140, describes the meeting of these gentlemen quite humorously.

NEW YORK.

A. DUPRAT.

No. 1373.—I. If you will take the trouble to turn to my Philobiblion, Vol. ii., pages 75-84, you will find this biographical conundrum satisfactorily answered.

NEW YORK.

GEORGE P. PHILES.

No. 1373.—I am advised that this curious piece has been several times reprinted, especially in the 'Essai sur les Bibliothèques Imaginaires,' by G. Brunet.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

W. T. S.

No. 1373.—2. L. N. will find in *The Century* for Sept. 1882 an article by G. Van Rensselaer on 'The Original of Rebecca in Ivanhoe.'—3. The New York *Tribune* of May 13, 1888, quotes from 'Dickens's Real People' in *Temple Bar* as follows: 'Sam Weller's living prototype was a character named Simon Spatterdash (in Beazly's play, "The Boarding-House")—a local militiaman whose chief peculiarity lay in quaint sayings, and out-of-the-way comparisons. The part was taken by a low comedian named Samuel Vale. His quaint comparisons . . . were lavishly introduced by the actor into his part, and were doubtless the origin of Dickens's queer conceit. The play was brought out at the Drury Lane Theatre, in 1822—the year after the removal of the Dickens family to London.'

GARNERVILLE, N. T.

A. T. A.